

The Evening World.

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## RAINES HOTEL SUPPRESSION.

Sunday excise activity among the police is not what it was, if we are to judge from Monday morning court cases. Apparently we are now in an interval between spasms of strenuousness for the closing of side doors.

But the report of work done by the police during March for the suppression of illegal Raine's law hotels on the east side is of far greater moment than a month's returns of side-door arrests. It is one of the most encouraging balance sheets yet issued by the department. It shows that eighty-seven such resorts were closed, many permanently, for non-compliance with the provisions of the law. It shows further that sixty-three such hotels doing business as disorderly houses were raided, with the net profit of a conviction of twenty proprietors. And there is the further gratifying showing of forty-seven notices served upon property-owners to dispossess disorderly tenants.

This is a most admirable month's work. It is better that one Raine's law hotel with disorderly house adjuncts should be put out of business than that a score of side doors should be closed tight on Sunday. The fake hotel that is really a disorderly house in disguise is a plague spot, the extirpation of which is, next to the suppression of actual crime, the best end to which the department's activity can be directed.

**Engineer Dead in the Cab.**—Another engineer dead in his cab while the train dashes on at accelerated speed until checked by the fireman, too far in the rear to hear the conductor's danger signal, but made aware of something wrong by the jurching of the locomotive! This time the providentially averted disaster was on the Baltimore and Ohio. Last month it was on the Lackawanna. The Evening World recently printed a year's list of narrow escapes from train wrecks made possible by similar cases of the sudden incapacity of the engineer. It made an alarming showing, the wonder of which was the good fortune which has preserved from destruction trains on the very brink of disaster. The list as expanded by the addition of these later instances of engineers killed in the cab makes a convincing argument for the presence of an extra man there in locomotives of the mogul type.

## THE VICIOUS EPIGRAM.

A young woman for a wager has composed a four-act play in fifteen hours. As her quick-action drama contains 16,000 words, it represents a product of more than 1,000 words an hour, a feat in composition showing wonderful facility and fluency. Probably it beats all play-writing records, which is a distinction, even if the drama in question is only words, words, words, like Hamlet's book. Possibly it is a masterpiece. There is no hard and fast time limit for literary work. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," literally "dashed off," lives on with Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," on which seven years of laborious finishing touches were put.

A point of interest in the play is its epigrams, which, in obedience to the rules of modern dramatic construction, abound. These two deserve especial comment:

It takes at least six months to polish off an affair with a married woman. Three months to persuade her to leave her husband, and three months to persuade her to leave the man for whom she left her husband.

I've read somewhere or other that the path of virtue is only for women with large feet.

As dramatic epigrams go, these would seem to attain the Plinero and Jones standard of vicious excellence. The recognized sneer at virtue is there, tested by which they ring true to the Wilde traditions in their cynical cleverness. You can almost hear the gloved applause of appreciation, beginning in the front rows of the orchestra and rippling back with gathered force to the rear seats of the family circle.

But what a cheap and nasty cleverness it is, defiling and fouling. When the moralist deplores its effect on the sensitive mind of the Young Person there is the ready retort that theatres are not for boys and girls. Remember the moral lessons conveyed and overlook and excuse the risqué method!

It is a question whether vice in ugly realism on the stage is not far less harmful than a society drama containing occasional glittering phrases like these of false sentiment which, while affronting a pure mind, are apt to sink into it and remain there, a corrupting presence.

## THE BOON OF BORAX.

In an article on "Beneficent Borax," The Evening World cited various instances of physical improvement attributable to the use of this preservative in food. It was found to lengthen life, bring the ruddy hue of health to anemic cheeks, and round out the thin and skinny into a portliness as pleasing to the eye as it was proof positive of the good effects of the borax as a flesh-former. The opinion was ventured that a cereal with borax in it was an angel food entertained in disguise at the breakfast table.

That the merits of this salutary drug were not overstated is proved by the report of Dr. Wiley's diet experiments at Washington. The young men who began with apprehension the habitual use of food that had been treated with borax are now the envy of their companions. A rosy hue has come into their cheeks, freckles and skin blemishes have disappeared as if under a magic lotion, and the subjects of the experiment are so good to look upon that pretty girls stare at them with embarrassing ardor.

Apparently Dr. Wiley is the Ponce de Leon of the Agricultural Department, with this practical difference—that instead of a far-off fountain of youth he offers the world a complexion powder warranted to beautify and rejuvenate and procurable by the poorest in purse. It is given to few men to confer so great a boon on humanity.

## CIGARETTES AND BOYS.

In vetoing a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to boys under the age of sixteen Gov. Murphy is reported to have said: "Most boys at sixteen smoke, and generally without injury."

The Governor is entirely mistaken. Even the most extreme apologist for the use of tobacco by mankind deplores its use by ungrown boys. The sight of a cigarette in a boy's lips is pleasant to no one; to a father it is painful. A truthful paternal autobiography might reveal the acquisition of the smoking habit at an early age, but no man will confess that it was acquired "without injury."

There is no doubt that tobacco is a poison; that when we find it it does not alter that fact. It is particularly poisonous to the nervous system still in process of formation. A few cigarettes a day are worse for a young man than any number of cigars at thirty. It is a wonder that the Governor has been misquoted.

## MR. CHESTY GIVES A LESSON IN PUNISHMENT—AND RECEIVES ONE.

THE OLD  
JOKES'  
HOME.

If you want a badge send a two-cent stamp to Prof. Josh M. A. Long.

**Captured by Badge Wearers.**  
H. now it is Spring, with the birds on the wing and the buzz of the bee called the bumble, and soon we will see frisking round on the sea the industrious bug known as Tumble. Our hearts fill with hope as the women bile soap in quiet and quaint country places, and now garden mums and tea saucers for complexion prescriptions the case is. There's a riot in the range and the lawn has the manne, through the mud the suburbanite pines, and from small of trash-free ones nearly expires as the rubber boot turns into nubes. Oh, yes, it is Spring, and the real proper thing is to say with firm resolution, "From now till December let me be a member of the S. P. C. H. institution. I'll no longer delay, but I'll send right away for a badge that authority grants to make criticisms on old witticisms and call for the blue ambulance!"

**A Jersey Job Lot.**  
Prof. Josh M. A. Long  
I include a few "Hawthornes" that date back to the story of a "Twice Told Tale."  
"Why is the devil always a gentleman? Because the imp of darkness can't be imp of light (impolite)."  
Which is the most aesthetic street in New York?  
Twenty-first street, because it is too too (21), all but.  
Where is Minute street?  
Sixty-second street.  
Why is Houston street not so cold? Because the next is Bleeker.  
When will there be twenty-five letters in the alphabet?  
When U and I are one.  
Why is a bow-legged man like a holiday in the South?  
Because you see the negroes (knee grove) out.  
When will the streets of Boston be well laid out?  
When they are half as dead as those of Philadelphia.  
What river runs through Philadelphia?  
Why, nothing ever ran through Philadelphia.  
Why does a bald-headed man never worry about there being no more parting?  
Because for him there is no hereafter (hair after).  
Why was old dog Tray not faithful?  
Because a dog that was faithful could not be Tray (betray).  
How many hairs in a cat's tail?  
None. They are all on the outside.  
When does a dentist do his last filling?  
When he is buried he fills his last cavity.  
Why is the age of miracles not passed?  
Because a ripe tomato thrown in the air comes down a squash.  
H. M. COFFEE, Jersey City.

**LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.**  
1890.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When was the last leap year?  
B. B.  
Can He Marry on \$0 a Week?  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am a young man of seventeen and am deeply in love with a girl of about twenty. I wish to ask readers if they think it right for me to marry her now if she accepts my wooing? I am earning \$1 a week and think I can support her on that. Don't you, readers?  
D. C.  
Tuesday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what day did Dec. 1, 1585, fall?  
J. F. P.  
Wear a Frock Suit.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the correct dress for gentlemen (bridegroom and others) at a noon wedding?  
O. H. WILLIAMS.  
In Bourgeoisie.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What was the name of the steamship on which the "Terrible Turk" Youssouf was drowned?  
MORRIS L.

## POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED UP TO DATE.



In civic life and national you'll find a meaning rational  
For song-titles that heretofore seemed only sentimental;  
And such titles seem to fit about themes that they were not writ about.  
In a way that seems too clever to be wholly accidental.

Some of the Best  
Jokes of the Day.

**THE REAL NEED.**  
"They say that laziness is caused by a germ. What a fine thing it would be if we could find something to kill the thing."  
"Oh, no. I know something finer than that. Think how much nicer it would be if we could all find some way to gratify it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**IT JOLTED HER.**  
There once was a dignified dame, Who "biked" on a road of macrame; When lo! by mistake, A rough road she did take, And immediately thought that she nme.—Columbia Jester.

**A NEW BOSS.**  
Backlots-Newman has sold his house, I understand.  
Subbute-Nonense!  
Backlots-Why, he told me this morning that he didn't own it any more.  
Subbute-No; they engaged a servant girl a few days ago.—Philadelphia Press.

**HIS EXPERIENCE.**  
Singleton—A scientific writer says that a man is shorter during the day than he is at night. Do you believe it?  
Wederly—Yes; at least a married man is. His wife usually goes through his pockets in the early morn.—Chicago News.

**OPPOSITE ROLES.**  
"You say that Screebles and you played in opposite roles on the night he ran away with the box receipts? How was that?"  
"While I was appearing he was disappearing."—Baltimore Herald.

## HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## GAME OF "SUSPECT."

The game may be played by any number of persons. As soon as the cards have been dealt and the players have examined their hands the one on the left of the dealer plays the lowest card he has (the ace counting lowest). He must place the card face downward on the table, at the same time calling out what it is.

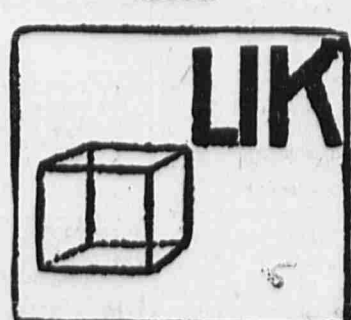
The next player also puts a card face downward and calls the next number. For instance, if No. 1 puts down a card and says one, No. 2 says two, No. 3 three, and so on.

It is not necessary for the card laid down to be actually the one called out. The fun of the game is to put down the wrong card without any one suspecting you. Naturally it is not often that the cards run straight on, as no one may play out of turn, and if one player thinks another has put down the wrong card he says: "I suspect you." The player must then show his card, and if it should not be the one he said he must take all the cards laid down and add them to his pack. If, however, the card happens to be the right one, then the accused must take the cards.

## QUALIFYING IT.

"At the same time you do not contend that poverty is a disgrace?"  
"Well, no; not unless it drinks and borrows money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## REBUS.



The picture represents the name of a violinist.

## A BIRD.



The rebus represents the name of a bird.

## CONUNDRUMS.

Which are the most seasonable clothes? Pepper and salt.  
Why is a nabob like a beggar? He is an India gent (indigent).  
Why is a lead pencil like a perverse child? It never does right (write) of itself.  
Why is the letter R a profitable letter? Because it makes ice into rice.  
When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leak (leak) in it.  
What garden crop would save draining? Leeks.  
What kind of a face does an auctioneer like best? One that is for-bidding.  
If I were in the sun and you out of it what would the sun become? Sin.  
When is a cow not a cow? When she's turned into a pasture.  
Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty one? Because there isn't a single one in it.  
When does an engine chew tobacco? When it goes chew chew to go on and chew chew to back her.  
What do you have to get taken from you before you get it? Your picture.  
What two letters in the alphabet are the furthest apart? S and d, because there is always a mile between them in a snail.  
What are the hottest letters in the alphabet? B and f. B can always make you hot when it stings you and f is always found in fire and flame.  
What animal has death no effect on? A pig when killed he also be cured.

THAT REMARKABLE  
WILLIAM PEASELY.

## A Few Further Disclosures of His Genius.

(By Wireless Telegraphy.)  
B OZEMAN, Mont., Yesterday.—Your correspondent had another interview with that remarkable individual, William Peaseley, known here not as plain "Bill," as we erroneously reported, but as "Old Bill." In my recent communications I dwelt upon the excitement caused by the discovery by Mr. Peaseley of the famous Yellowstone Park corned beef mine, and also mentioned the great irrigation scheme of moistening arid lands with tears from weeping willow trees.

The more your correspondent sees of William Peaseley, known here as "Old Bill," the more is he impressed with



this wonderful man, an inventor (as well as a discoverer) beside whom the vaunted conceptions of Marconi, Tesla, Westinghouse, Edison, Watt and Ericsson seem as the ideas of the feeble-minded.

It appears, according to Mr. Peaseley's own statements, that he made many bids for fortune before, by mere chance, the discovery of his corned beef mine made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One of his greatest inventions, and yet a simple thing, was a self-tying shoestring. This wonderful invention was a great boon to fat men, and Mr. Peaseley was congratulating himself upon the fortune that seemed to be within his grasp. By a process known only to himself Mr. Peaseley manufactured the self-tying shoestring out of a composition of dried apples and wool. By letting a drop of water fall upon the string it promptly tied itself into a handsome bow-knot. The self-tying shoestring, for some inexplicable reason, was regarded with great disfavor by women, especially summer girls. Their animosity drove it from the market, and, in consequence, they are still com-



elled to call upon their escorts to tie their shoes a dozen times a day. But, as Mr. Peaseley, known here as "Old Bill," quaintly remarks, "Dad rile them! That's jest like the women!"

Mr. Peaseley, as may be gleaned from his local title of "Old Bill," is an old settler, although one resident here, the general-store keeper, denies he ever settled here or anywhere else—but this is the breath of envy and he has had many perilous encounters with the redskins—one in particular so remarkable that I leave it for my next communication. The West is a wonderful country!

ROY L. MCARDLE, Special Commissioner.

## MME. MELBA'S JEWELS.

It is said that Mme. Melba has with her in Australia £200,000 worth of jewelry, and this large fortune in small bulk necessitates the employment of four policemen each night to guard it. The prima donna pays the Police Department 10 shillings a day for each man she employs to guard her diamonds and pearls.

## ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Yes, children, on our Pedestal You see the "Easy Bone." He holds the State beneath his arm, Rebellions with a look he'd cast, Till, through that darkness, came A watermelon thrown at his head.